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The MORNING Star

Student Anthology
of
Poetry, Writings, and Artwork

North Scott High School
2002~2003



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The Morning Star

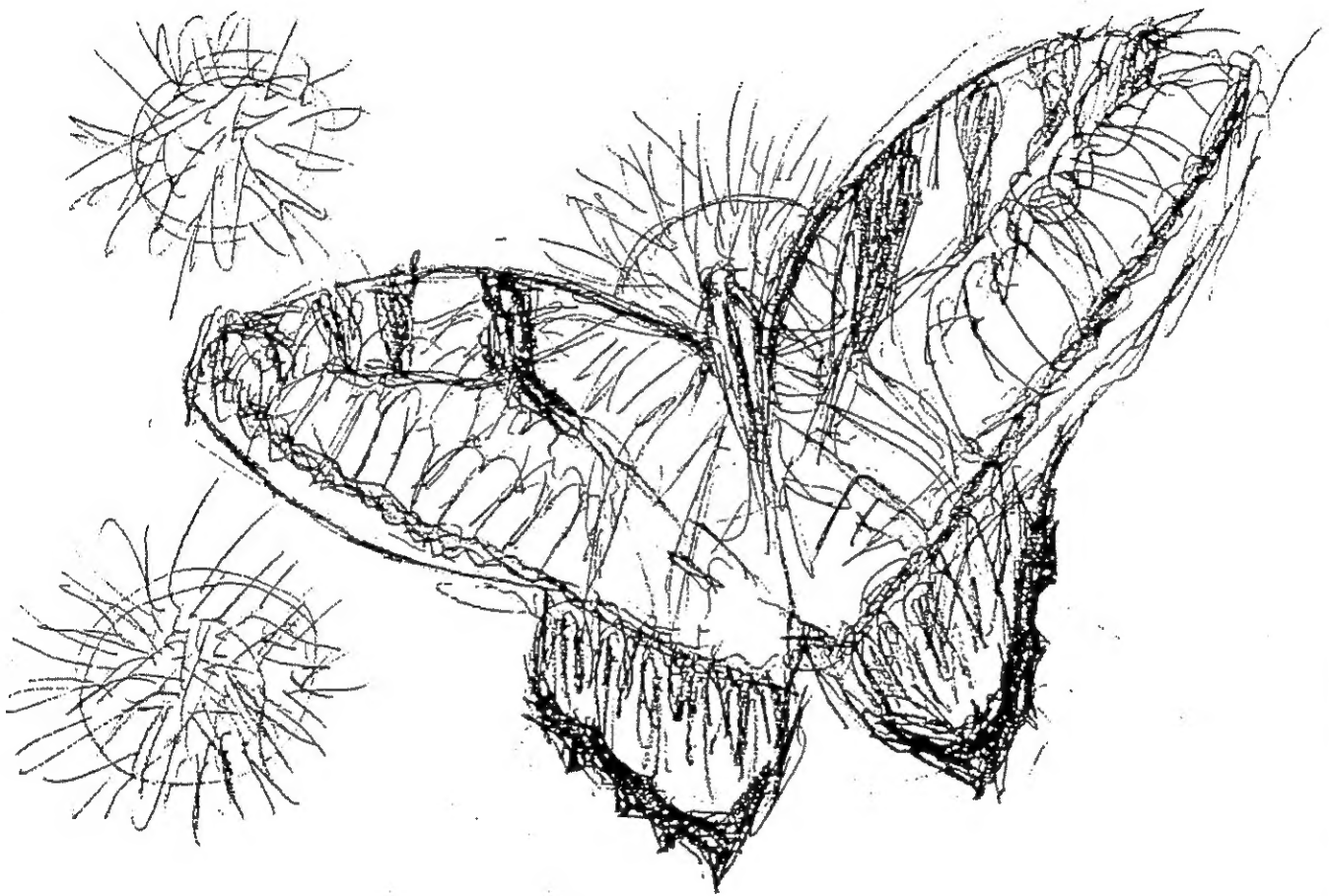
North Scott High School, 2002-2003

Edited and Arranged by:
Amy Beadel, Lindsey Dreter, and Danielle Nuti

Supervised by Mrs. Diana Smith



This year's Morning Star is dedicated to
Mrs. Diana Smith, an incredible
teacher and listener that cares for her
students in a rare and precious way.
Her students have been honored to
learn from her, and they hope to see
her in the future years at North Scott.



Changes Outside
Written by Nick Dose

1 You can see it in the air, and the water,
seasons are changing for a new time is coming,
the mounds of snow melt from the newfound heat,
the temperature rises from long sets of glistening sun,
5 the birds perch on a plain tree to find its new settlement,
fierce winds have calmed eased the world to a finer tone,
change, for the new season is coming,
when I feel the change it is a newfound happiness,
happiness like a newborn child,
10 happiness like the feeling of success after a hard day's work,
happiness like a robin singing its finest tunes in the early morning,
when the new air comes I feel refreshed,
I think of new times to come and prosper and enjoy,
Playing baseball on a toasty Saturday morning,
15 Flying a kite in the calm and innocent breeze,
Taking layers off, for your body feels as if it were a sauna,
The new solid green ground has made a path for me,
A path to explore its wonderful beauty,
To listen to the songs sung by every animal in nature,
20 to observe the misty lakes in the premature morning,
Every year the setting ceases to amaze me,
For at this moment is perfect,
Perfect from the fascinating clouds in the air to the fertile soil in the ground,
When I see the first Robin perched on my tree,
25 I know I have been fulfilled.



Mark Petersma

Untitled
Written by Rebecca Irving

Jolting me awake
To the screeching alarm
A few moments more
I plead to the glaring sun
Yet I must rise
To begin another day.

Heaving my body
Away from the quilted down
Out of comfort
In which I spent the night
In a blind man's search
I stumble through the house.

In the kitchen hides
Life's morning nectar
Slowly I drain the cup
And only after a second
Does the crust fall
From my night weary eyes.



Jeff Trasle

Northern Lights
Written by Whittney Warm

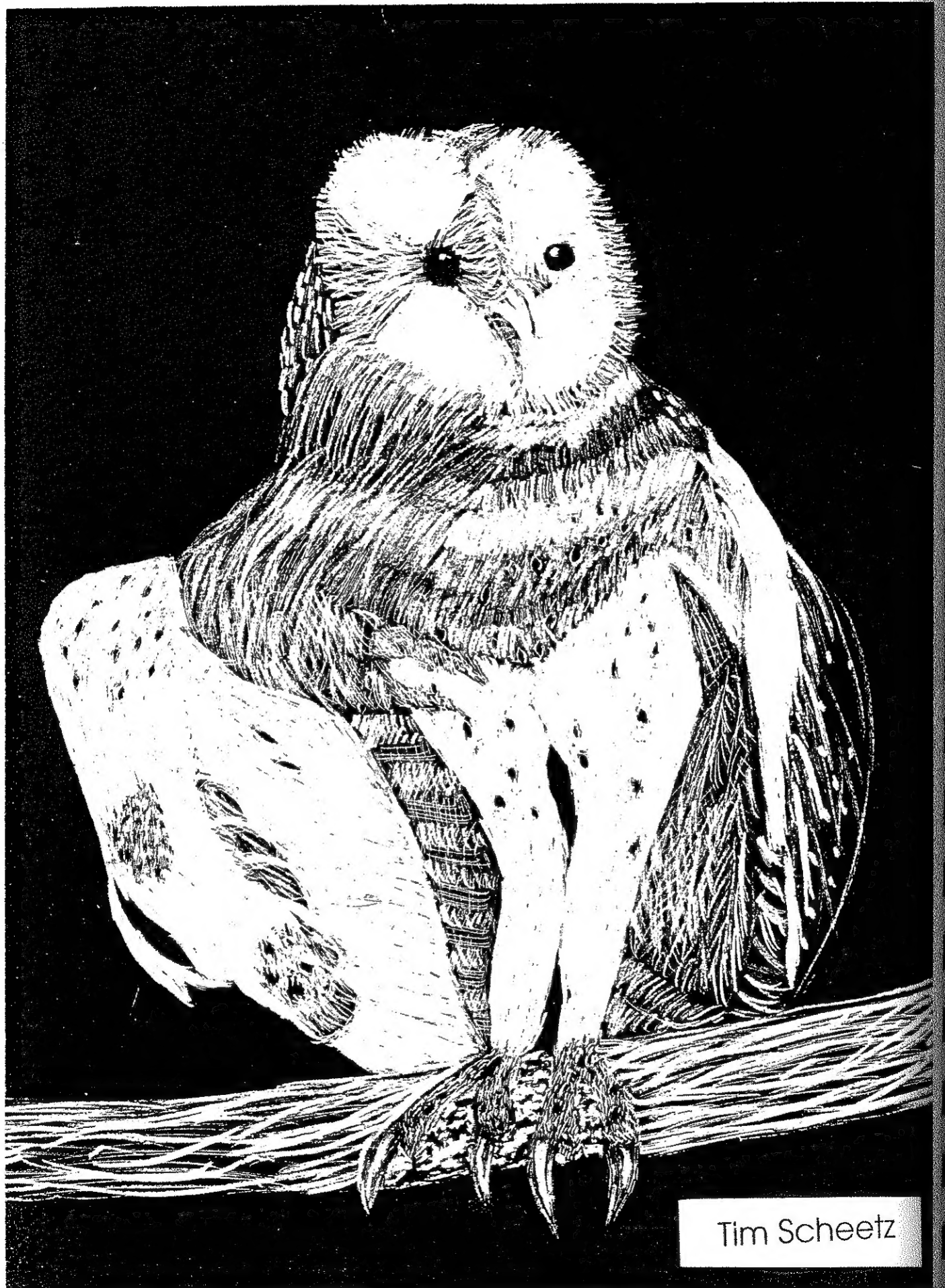
Oh the northern lights
how they shine in the
black hollow sky.

The color of flowers
the swirling of rainbows.

The majestics floating
with no end.

Only to look to the
north and see God's
angels playing heavens
away.

Oh the northern lights
how they shine in the
black hollow sky.

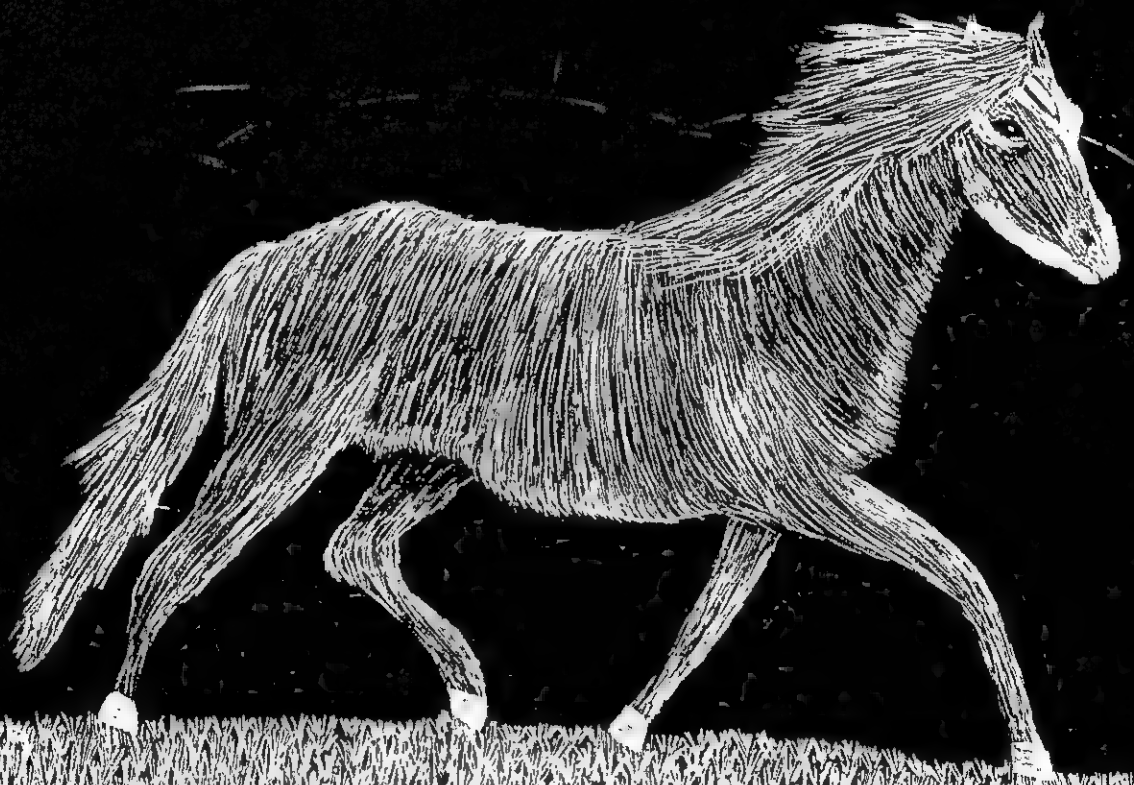


Tim Scheetz

Untitled

Written by Rachel Talbot

Ominous clouds around us forming,
silence surrounds us like a globe.
The incessant presence that becomes us,
No one better, to find with the
aptitude of our well being.
Filled with apprehension of the
dreaded silence that engulfs us.
When, then, the sun attacks the clouds
and the snowflakes start to fall.
The tenseness around us ceases,
as the never ending silence breaks.
Soft, delicate snowflakes fall.
The world is, once again.



April Behnke

Rockies

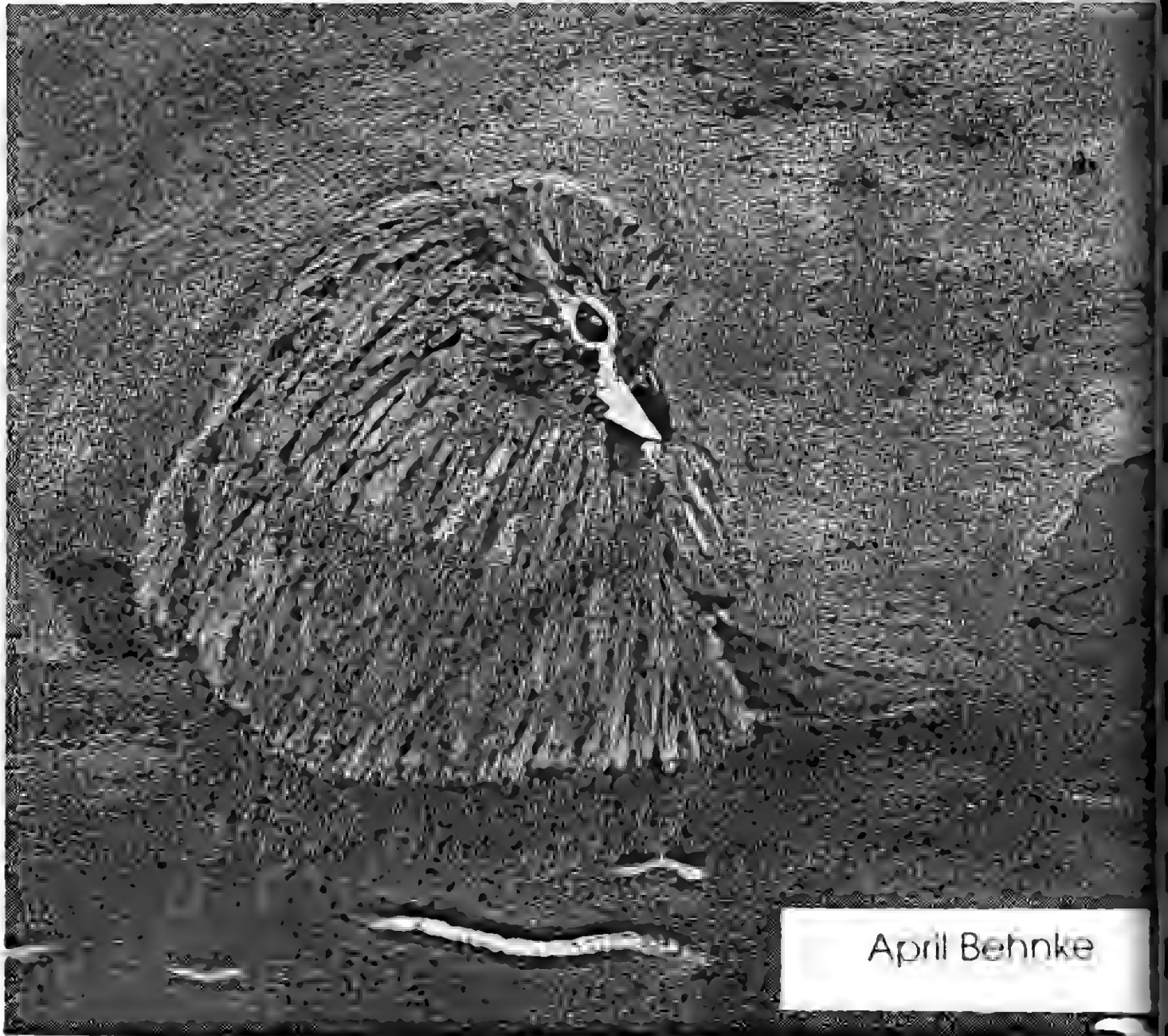
Written by Nick Carlstrom

*They tower over us,
as if they are standing guard.
Some rise up into the clouds.
They are nature's giants.*

*They take all extremes.
Wind, snow, and sleet,
but yet they stand tall.*

*They can tell stories,
from far and wide.
Stories of conquest, failure, and victory.*

*Even after my time has passed,
the will still be strong,
to live and to know.*



Winter

Written by Christina Harrington

I stand
Outside in the cold, the silent freezing death
Empty
A vast plane, seemingly lifeless
A tendril of steam rises from my mouth
The only sign of life

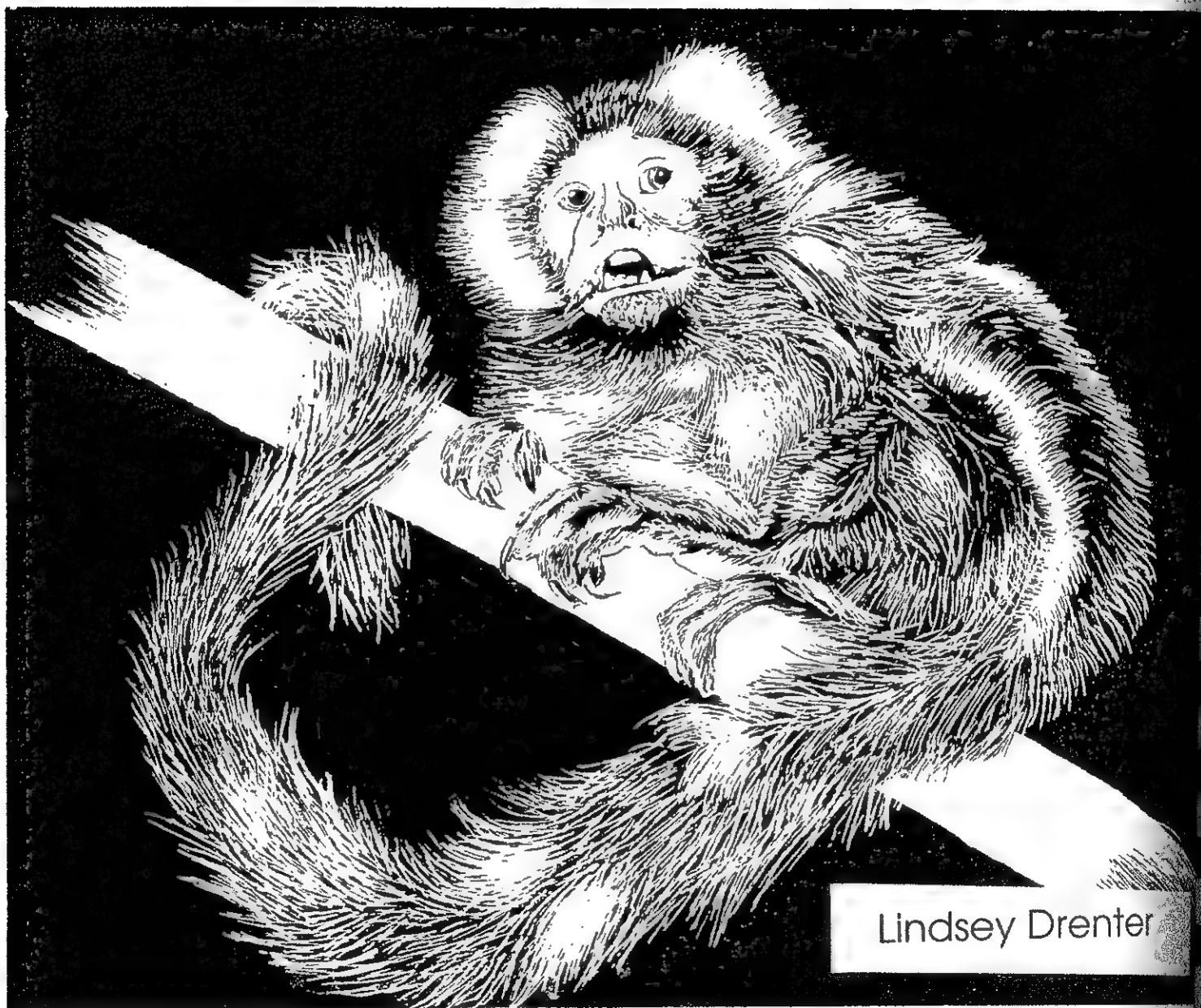
The silence screams
cold burns

It seems a battle was fought and all are dead
Winter
A graveyard for the life of spring and summer

A tree, lone stagnant withstands this desolation
naked, it exposes itself to the cruelties of nature
resembles a skeleton
forgotten and bleached by the sun

snow breaks the silence
floats and swirls like the ash of Auschwitz
it piles
building deeper as to trap any life that survived
a blanket of white suffocates the earth

and yet through this extinction of living, a bird cries
like a babe pierces the night
it sings for hope and
rejuvenates the spirits of all who hear



Lindsey Dreter

Squirmy Squirrel
Written by Trek Langenhan

I stare up into the big oak tree.
I see a squirrel tending to its nest
chattering away without a worry in the world.

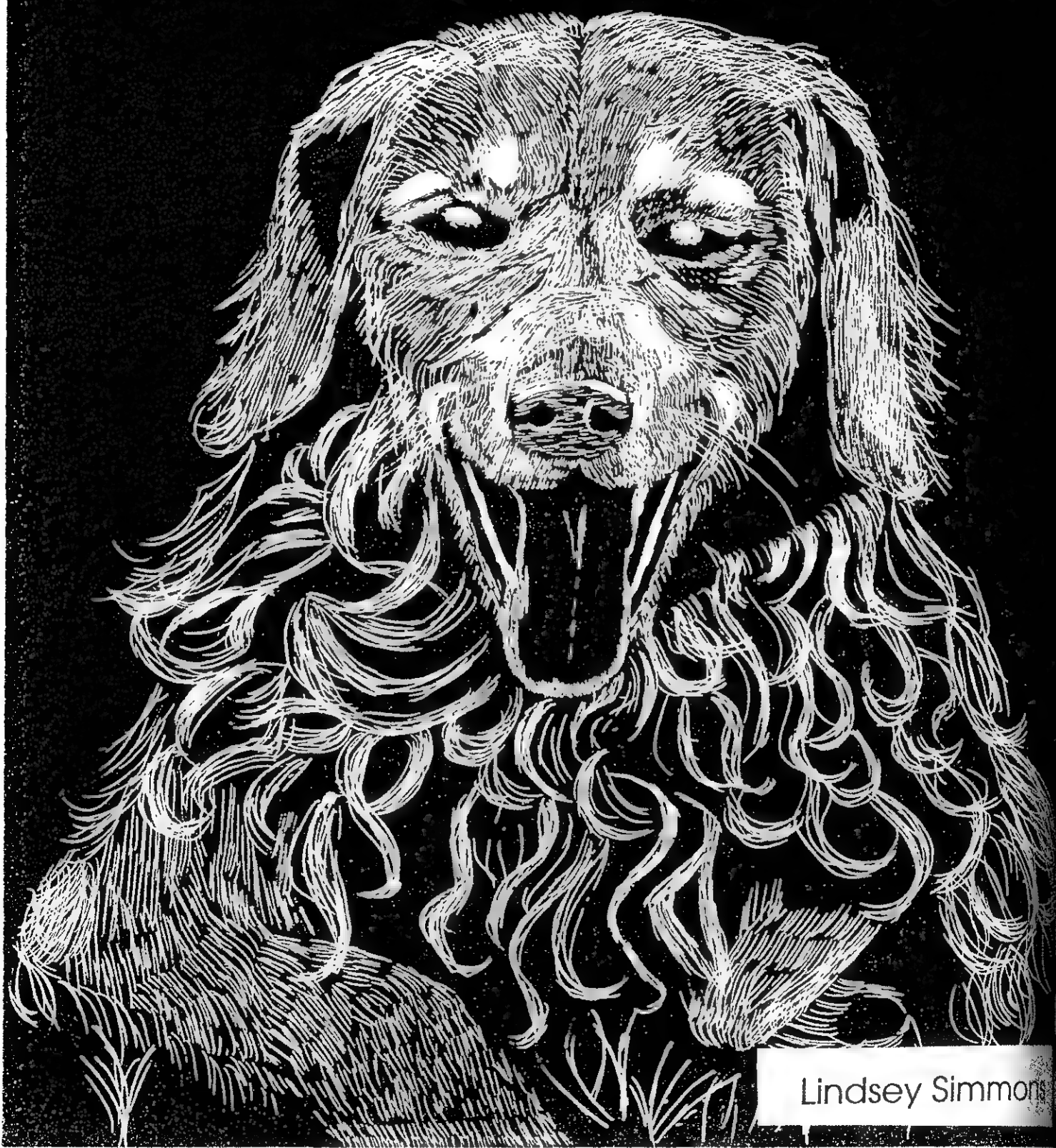
What is this squirmy creature thinking?
He may be searching for food.
He may be looking for a mate.
He may be bored.
A squirrel can't have that much to do.

This tiny creature, here for a reason,
unaware of the potential threats around.
The oak tree provides no cover in the winter.
He may soon become a meal.

A I turn my head I see a collie
moving towards the tree, here to raise havoc.
He barks, and barks, and barks some more.
The squirrel, sensing he is outmatched, flees the scene.

I see him jump to another tree;
I see him hop onto the ground and run for his life.
It's a matter of life and death,
but some may say he's being a coward

Today the squirrel made it safely
But, what about the days ahead?
The collie will always be looking for him,
ready for another chance.
But, the squirmy squirrel lives to fight another day.



Lindsey Simmons

Untitled
Written by Ryan Claussen

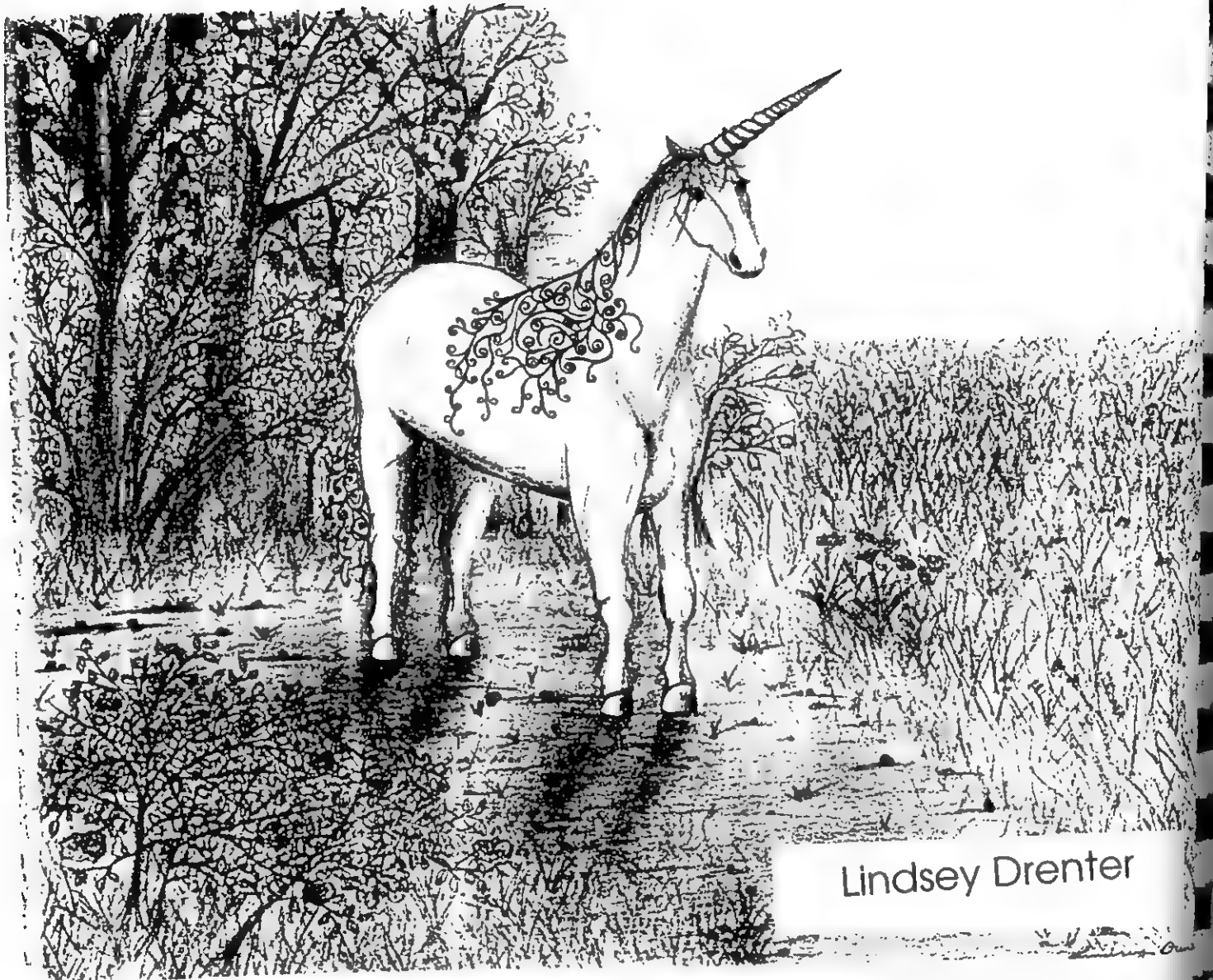
As you were walking
gun in your hand
looking for pheasants
with your best man
One flew up
then went down
dog fetch it up
bring it to the man.
Keep on walking
as day goes on
looking for more
pheasants be gone
Time is up
dog away
gun put back
for another day.

8

4

12





Lindsey Dreter

Untitled

Written by Whitney Warm

My heart is blind and my eyes
are deaf. Only I feel the cold on my
lungs and in the warmth of the winter.
In a dream of fairy dust I find new
hope and strength in myself that
only my God would know. For in
years that frighten the worriers.
Not even a king could save his
crown on his throne. Hard
times are coming so close and
only few care, they go on as if
they are the rulers of the world.
In these times I wish people could
see their own ignorance of themselves
From the heart that only winter contains.



Kelcy Schroder

The World Outside
Written by Andy Flater

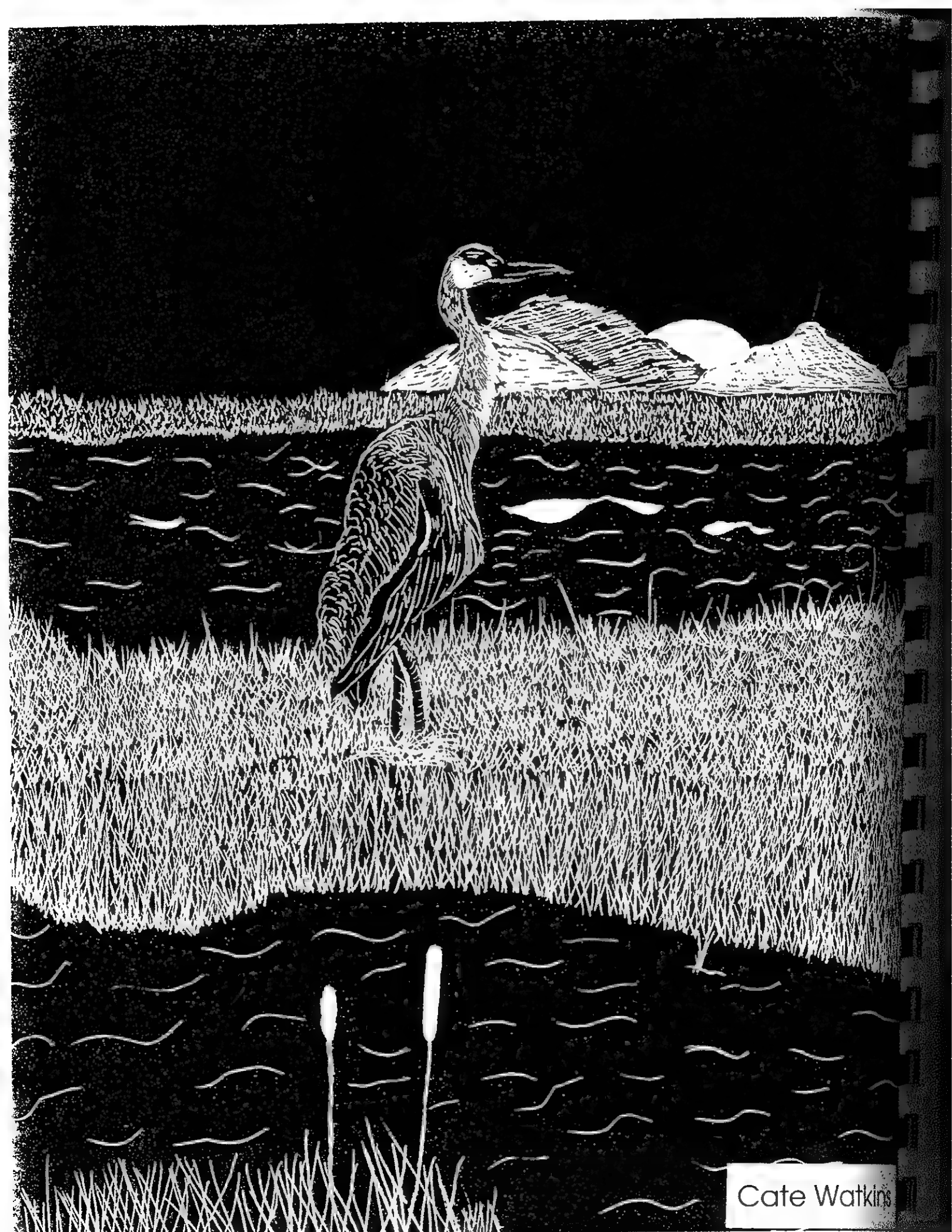
1 The world outside seems as dead as night
The world seems dead
Dead leaves sprawled and carelessly dropped from their birthplace
Wilted ferns laid limp from the chill of winter
5 A corn cob ripped to its core
Proclaims abandonment
 The world outside feels cold
Everywhere the chill of winter eats at me
My lungs are harshly caressed with a sharp pain every time I breathe
10 My toes feel numb in their shoes
The wind bites, it seems hungry to me
For it never stops, it is constantly searching for a weak point to attack
 And as if by some god sent miracle
The sun shows its beautiful smiling face
15 The warmth reaches so deep in me that I am instantly warmed
Its touch is bliss, it brings a smile to my face and everything feels right
 Then I realize the world is not dead
It is just asleep
And there are signs that it is growing restless
20 A cardinal swoops down and perches on a low resting branch
As I watch him, I notice he is searching for something
Constantly searching
Perhaps he too knows that the earth is waking



Jimmy Scadal

The Circle of Life
Written by Jacquellyn Gillette

As the bird fly freely from tree to tree, my spirit fly also
The spread of the textured wings in the crisp spring breeze, brings me back
to my childhood
When life was simple and carefree
When riding a bicycle were the days of medicine
As the flower blossoms into a beautiful masterpiece; the leaf wilts into crisp
fertilizer to be sprouted for next season
For who is to say that the flower is more beautiful than the leaf
Mother nature gave them their role and deed to the wild
Stemming back to God, where all was created, essentially appointing nature
its course
Which brings to mind, everything created must die and continue on in the
circle of life
On our journeys we must remember our time will come to an end, and life will
go on



Cate Watkins

Where Is Nature?
Written by Niki Story

Looking out my clean window that isn't clean.
Appearing that way, like a door to a new world.
Appearing smudgeless; when one looks close, it's full.
Appearing clear, but don't attempt to enter what's there.

Nature is outside, looking at me.
Or maybe it passes with indifference,
Not caring about its inhabitants.

Nature is the wind pulling the branches of it's many trees.
Nature is the grass reaching up for the warm feeling of the sunlight.
Nature is the snow glistening white, but dirty with cool sediment.

Nature is defined as what?
Is it here today, around us?
As I am surrounded by things manmade.
As I see this beauty, I hear the calls of the semi trucks.
As I feel the cool wind on my face, I see the building tall.

The beasts are gone, as is the beauty. Extinct.
From their ignorance, we claim.
We blame them, but it is us to blame.

Man wants beauty and nature.
That beauty is in nature.
Nature is gone from its beauty.
Man owns "beauty" as taken over by us.
It's us who blames, us who should be blamed.

What beauty is left, do we not control?
Is it not confined in fences and let to roam Earth?

We own all; none is left.



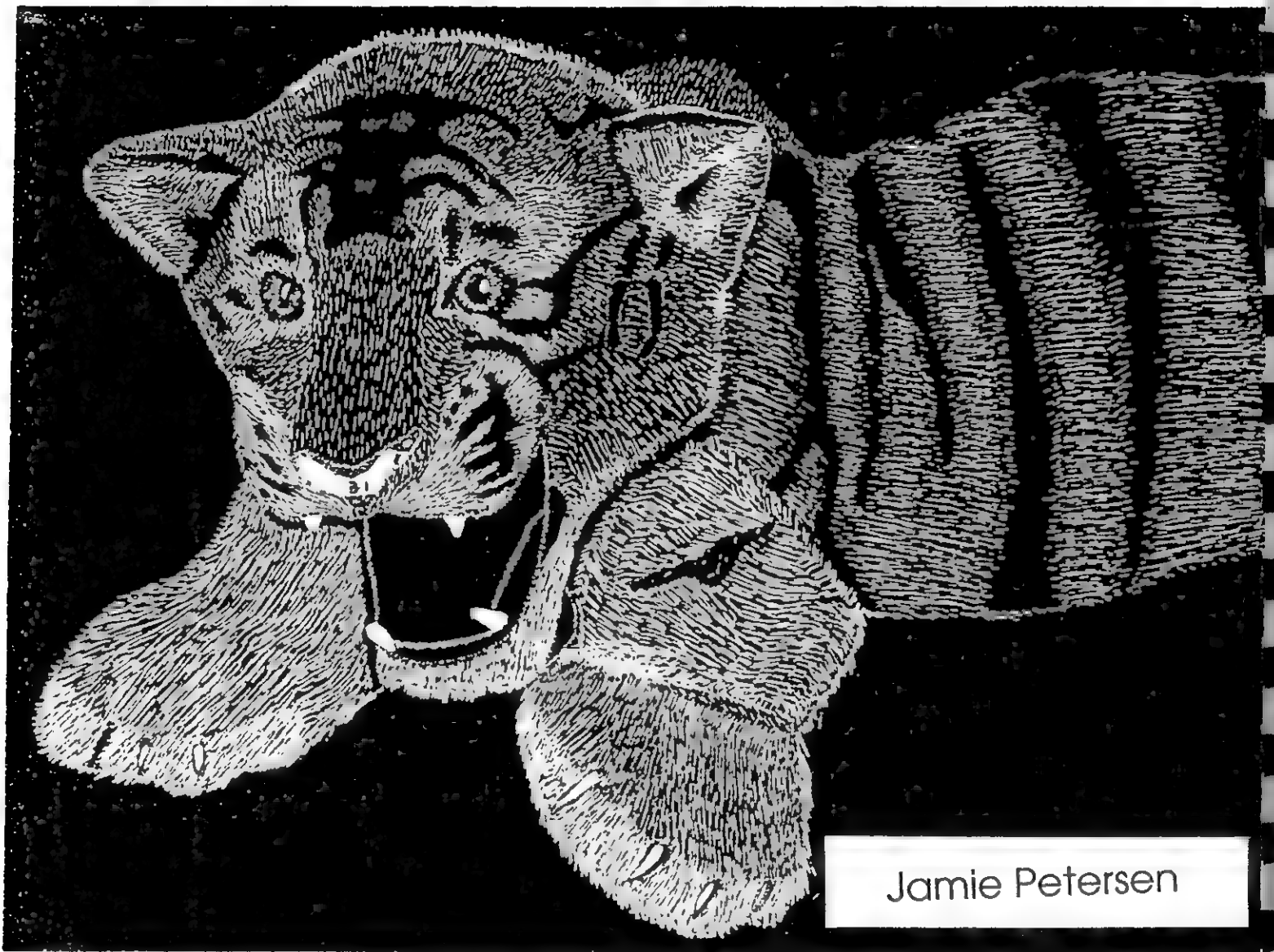
Vinny Percuoco

Untitled

Written by Danielle Nuti

The wind makes the day awesome
each and every time it comes
through the clouds and stars
in the summer's twilight night
The wind makes the day awesome

The wind makes the day awesome
the sun above
a blade of grass
in a vast plane
feels it through to the roots
The wind makes the day awesome



Jamie Petersen

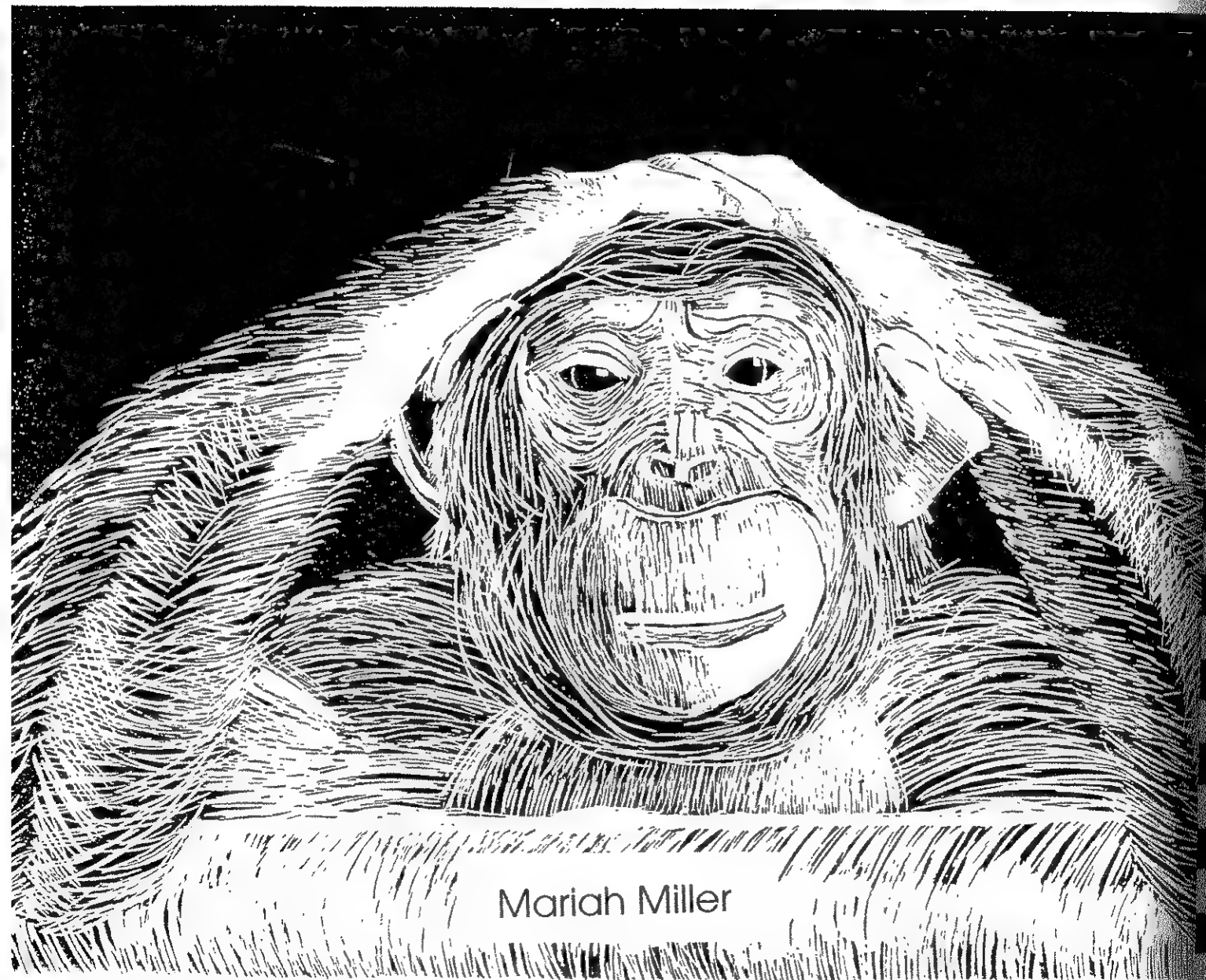
The Shrew
Written by Rebecca Irving

The *mad* shrew
Darts for
The screaming housewives.

Upon chairs
They all perch,
Howling.

Cautiously,
It then scurries
Into cupboards

Searching for small tidbits,
A morsel
Forgotten.



Dear You,
Written by Rebecca Irving

I do not regret
To inform
I have taken
Your cigarettes.

Your choking,
Hacking, breathless cough
Perturbed
Me so.

I couldn't
Let you continue
To hurt
Your body so.



Courtney Pennel

Another Door Opens
Written by Sven Carlson

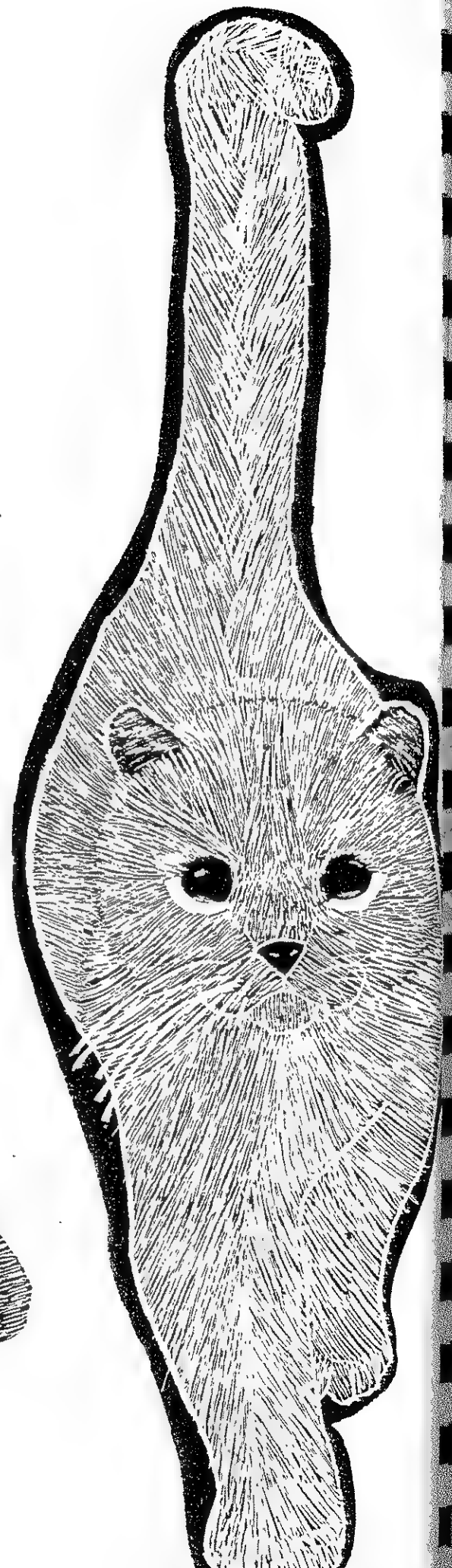
The past few years of my life have been a blur undecipherable by myself, and undoubtedly by all others. It seems as if I have been at a constant struggle with everything that is normal and decent during my everyday life. In the back of my head a picture was present, something vast and great. Although I never I never had any idea of what it was, it has always been a top priority for me to establish a level of existence in which I would be more than ready for it to arrive. Recently I have been questioning whether there is anything waiting for me and if I have been and if I have been struggling and fighting every step of the way to earn what is ultimately nothing.

"The words that I say are not to be responded to. They are thrown out by simple romance alone. Rather than calculating effective responses, roll each word over and around your palms and fingertips. Soften the very core that makes the words solid. Once you have explored the entire area of each character, conjure your own theory..." This is something I wrote on Saturday, February 15 at 2:05 pm. This, in my opinion, is very eloquently written, but at the same time, half correct and half ignorant. Although many people's responses to are going to be negative and deteriorating to my self-esteem, in order for me to form my opinions on things, it is required to have input from something other than my own little world. I believe the closed minded thoughts in the quote above are mostly responsible for my self-nullifying behavior.

Every person that knows me also knows very matter-of-factly that I am extremely opinionated on most every topic known by modern man. The fact is, in my opinion (not supposed to be funny) that everyone is equally opinionated. Whether we decide to speak out about it or not, we have opinions about everything. My problem is that when someone has a different opinion and modestly expresses it, my natural tendencies force me to jump onto action and ferociously tear apart each word escaping their mouth. I can create a passion for any topic in a matter of instances. This part of my personality causes me to wonder, "Why do I even care? Why can I not just drop this? Is there a reason for me to want so badly, the person's conformity?" As if there is a great reward waiting with intense impatience at the end of an unknown amount of time, I work so hard to win the appreciation of my opinion from outsiders.

I am constantly begging for attention. Regardless of what form it comes in. After saying this I expect every reader to sit back in their seats and think they have solved my personality flaw. "He is just a little guy starving for attention. That's it. We should praise him when he does good and explain in great depths the reasons wrong things are wrong." My writing this does not mean I am expecting some "know-it-all" to sum up all my problems and put them in a small colored package for me to deal with or rather, throw out. I am not looking for psychological help. I am seeking resolve.

When I am seeking resolve, I mean that I want something to result from at least one thing I did in the last few years in a way that is other than negative. As of now, everything I have done, no matter how responsible or unselfish it has been, has resulted in either negative or no results. I want to know as a fact, if there is actually something waiting for me up ahead once I can no longer muster the strength to argue my point, or get the attention of anyone, anywhere. I may be a very confusing person but I also want to say that I am not looking for someone to come and preach to me about going to heaven and eternal life. I have heard enough regarding these things and have my own opinions in which I will not share at this time. I am not waiting for someone to tell me that right now I am working towards college and then once that has run its course, a successful life. I am talking about something great. Something that only the extreme in personality are subject to experience. Something that the rich man in the mansion and every single other lazy, materially successful person could not even comprehend...Please think about this and let me know if there is something like that out there.



Lacey Struble

Thoughts of Question
Written by Amber Miller

Why must life be so complicated with all its twists and turns? One minute a person is happy and the next that same exact person is so mad they are crying. Does somebody want to torture us? I don't know about that. And another thing, why do people fall in love and then hate each other in a couple of months or even weeks? How can we call that love? Why do people get sick? I'm convinced that it is just another way for people to feel like crap! And why must we do things that make us embarrassed? I also have been wondering why some people put their peanut butter in the fridge and some people keep it in the cabinet. But all I can do is sit around and wait for more stupid questions to pop into my head, because these will never get answered. Speaking of waiting, I also think life is made up of waiting. I mean if you think about it you are waiting for something to happen right now or some event to come, and when that "thing" happens you're going to start waiting for something else, that is if you haven't already. You see, I have a pretty good theory going here. Oh the things I think of as I lie awake in bed at the wee hours of the morning!



Chris Wall

The Responsibility of Individuals: When Right Makes Might

Written by Rebecca Irving

"In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics but I didn't speak up because I wasn't a protestant. Then they came for me...by that time there was no one to speak up for anyone" (Niemoller)

Individuals possess responsibility to seek out the equitable in the face of irrationality. If the individual chooses to ignore depravity and corruption in the world, the consequences will be to their own detriment. Might does not always make right, but at times, individuals in the right can become mighty.

America became established as a country of people, by the people, for the people, and as such, we must exercise our responsibility collectively. We must band together in the battle to eradicate vice in the forms of deranged slaughterers such as Nazi Adolph Hitler and Iraqi Saddam Hussein. Individually, we can essentially do nothing, but united in our common cause, then Americans must act decisively and swiftly in protection against such proclaimed evils as Saddam Hussein.

Hussein has shown utter disregard for the value of human life by using chemical and biological weapons against his own people, most notably, the Kurds in Northern Iraq. Today, Saddam has acquired the technology to manufacture and deliver these chemical and biological agents globally. It no longer remains merely some nameless, faceless Kurdish rebels at risk, but people throughout the entire world.

If everyone metamorphosed into peaceable and reasonable individuals then the reason to fight would cease to exist. However, at times one is faced with aberrations of humanity that must be dealt with accordingly. Peaceable solutions, in accordance to Gandhi's beliefs, often do not exist. First one must try to reason with the irrational and deranged but at the failure of diplomacy other means must be exercised. "Speak softly and carry a big stick," advised Theodore Roosevelt.



Mark Petersma

Untitled

Written by Lindsey Dreter

So you swallow them pills
you good little vegetable
We all know you're the black sheep
but this is all we can do
Shove the divine truth down your throat
and hope you don't throw up on us
or the company

Happy Places

Written by Lindsay Bell and Tammy Blend

My happy place is my sandbox in my backyard. I would spend hours playing in the sand with the sprinkler, pretending I was at the beach. I would make sand castles and mud pies that were very delicious...I mean...um...shoot. It was the most enjoyable toy-type thing I owned. Sadly my dad tore it apart for firewood last summer destroying my happy place.

Red Wine

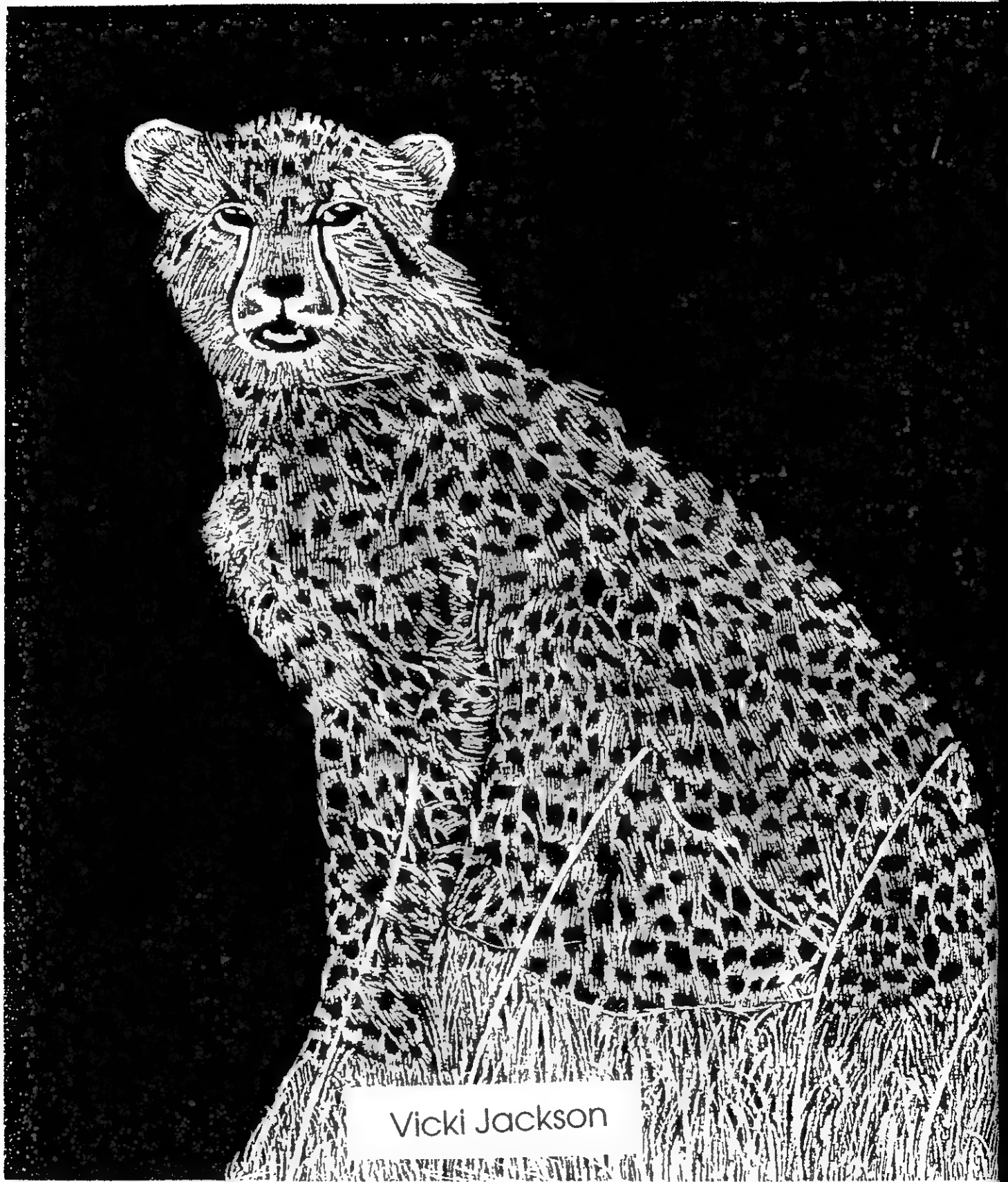
Written by Rebecca Irving

*In glass goblets
beckons*

*Life's sweet red nectar
nectar.*

*Falling prey to
Wine.*

*Dripping beads of
blood.*



Vicki Jackson

To Be Again

Written by Lindsey Drepter

I miss it

I miss it so much the way

I could pour myself out

I could let go and

give way

but it has passed

like the wind

like your rain

that washed away my soul

It all fell apart

I can't feel

I guess

You have to have

the unpleasant insanity

with you every minute

to write again

Now it's just a choice

do I want it back?

Is there more?

Can I get it back?

Or have I sold my soul

For an little white illusion of happiness

that I swallow every morning

with a glass of water

That eats away everything inside

I'd rather be me

I'd rather be alive

and crying

Than watch myself die

from the outside.



Terri Bo

Ode to Walt Whitman

Written by Andy Flater

1 You were criticized in your day
Yet you are praised now
You spoke your mind and your soul
And for that we all love you
5 Beauty and nature were one with you
As you were with them, Opening our eyes
To something that no one dared to look
Yet once we were staring upon it
It made everything in the world
10 At once make sense
We learned from you that
The trees, and the leaves and the grass
Are all a part of us as we are a part of them
For that I am thankful

Ode to Walt Whitman
Written by Eric Percuoco

You the great Storyteller of living things, life comes through your words;
and blossoms like a rose.

You shape existence, no one can see, feel, smell, hear, or taste if you can not, time goes
as you speak.

You bend and twist the lives people; demonstrating how we should live
in this futile world.

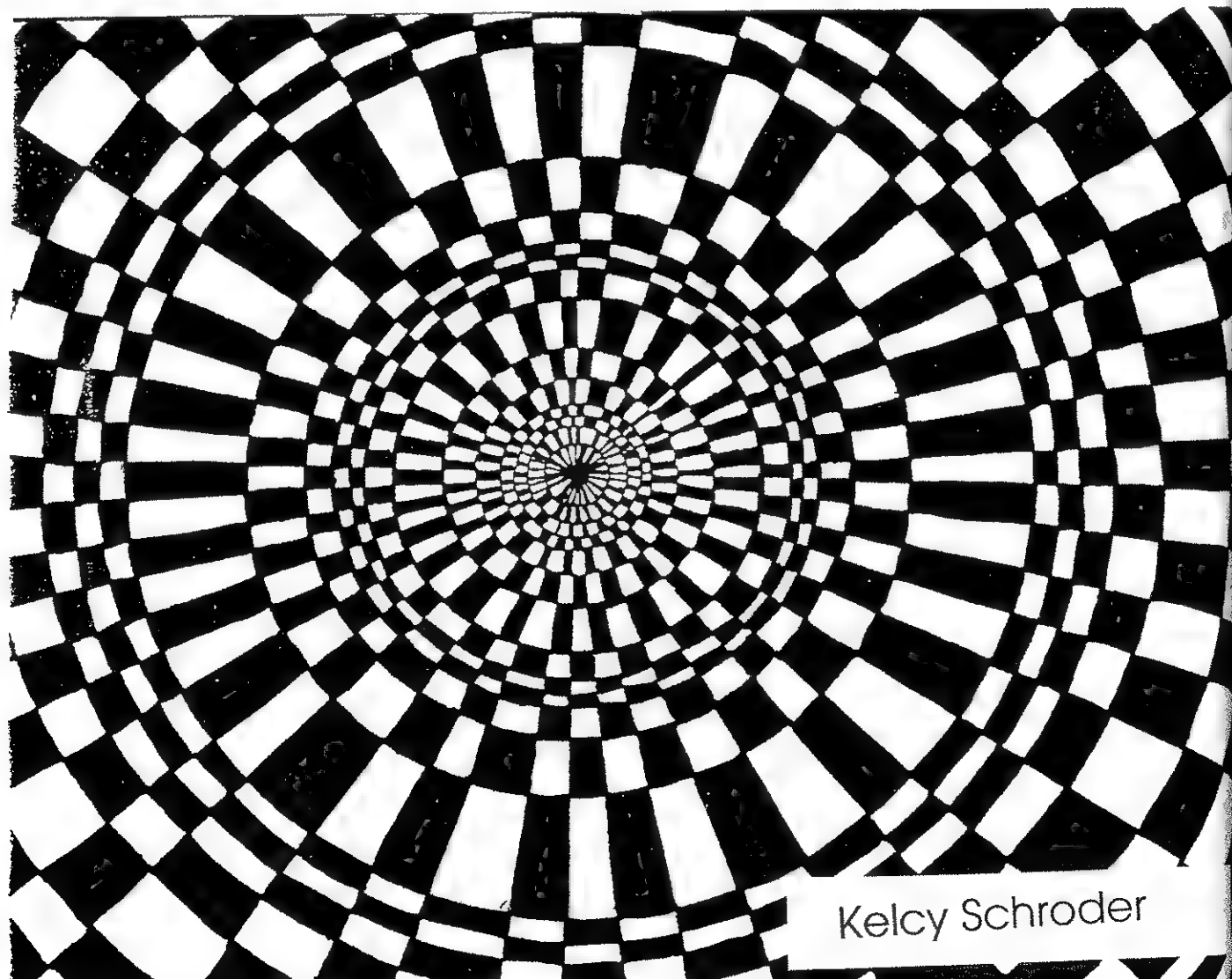
You are the provider, the creator, the dreamer, the lover, and the Forefather of this
nation.

I sense relation to you, for you have gone through the same trials; and problems
as I have.

You, our adored and respected father shape the minds of men into wonder and
concern;
why we exist, and what are we destined to do as we breathe.

Ode to Walt Whitman
Written by Dave Cranston

I struggled to find the answers to the many problems and concerns in our society.
I looked for the answers in several readings, but was not consoled.
Until I encountered Walt Whitman.
You made me realize that in order to comprehend, I need to have an understanding with all of mankind.
Democracy should be the way of the world, trust should encompass it
You displayed true patriotism by befriending those of slavery.
You were never above any man and were sensitive to all needs.
You have my deepest gratitude, as you have taught me to look into my soul for answers.
If only the rest of the world would do so.



Kelcy Schroder

Ode to Walt Whitman
Written by Jacquellyn Gillette

What makes a poet beautiful?
My mind was set on rhyme and rhythm
Until your lips spilled of your just words

The day is new to those who love the day as you do
Your love is as a barren mother longing for a child
Always wanting but never can grasp

Your words are full, yet leave me feeling empty
What is this feeling?
Is it a feeling of loneliness? Selfishness?
Knowing only to question myself and my surroundings

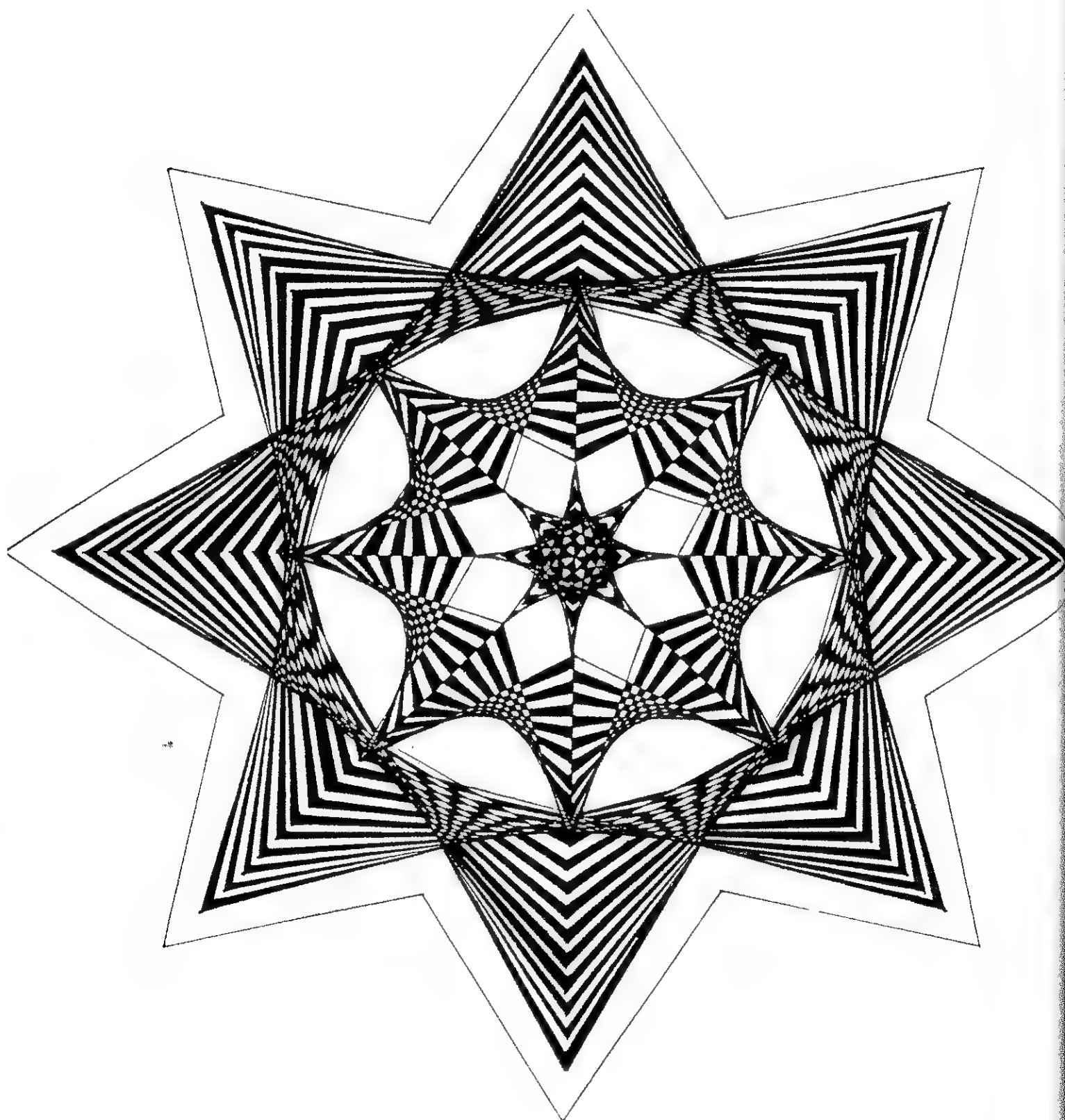
Will your words run dry?
Sweet as the morning sunday
Sweet as the open fields

Yet harsh to the soul as crashing waves
Harsh as a rainy day

A poet is a writer of truths longing to be heard and listened to
Not to be forgotten as the writer of foolish thoughts

A poet is of the heavens
Seeing the unseen
Being the only believer of its magnitude

This is the naked beauty
You are a poet of beauty



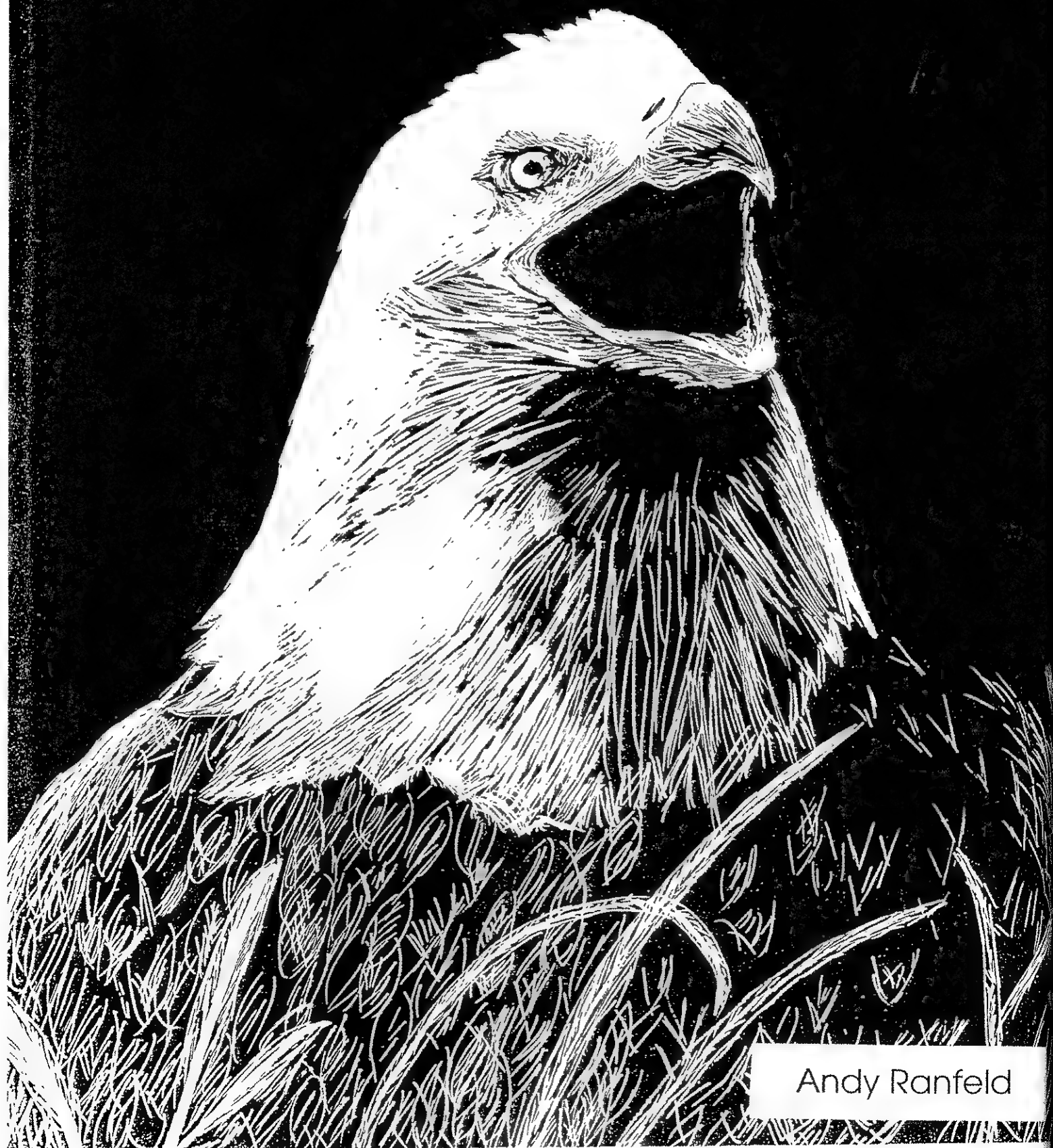
Terri Barte

Ode to Walt Whitman
Written by Nick Dose

1 Oh a man of many words,
Although misunderstood,
You were strong like a group of protesters,
And for that I respect you.
5 Although your words were long and mysterious,
When they were deciphered they were long and mysterious,
And for that I respect you.
How your verses flowed like a puzzled stream,
For every word could be set in a different path,
10 And for that I respect you.
I have disregard with you much before,
For it is a matter beliefs and virtues and we have taken different paths,
But,
For that I respect you.

Ode to Walt Whitman
Niki Story

Your words sing to me,
Your words strike deep in my heart,
Your words are beautiful.
Of these roads I travel in life,
Your words are my captain,
Guiding me to victory,
In my starting ship.
I celebrate you,
I celebrate myself.
Yet you shut your doors,
Yet you keep me out,
Yet I do not understand.
I pull your words,
I pull your meanings,
I pull them through.
I use them in the camps of my life.



Andy Ranfeld

Freely Living
Written by Kyle Rehn

I am reminded of everything I have seen,
And how beautifully one spec of dirt can foresee what we advanced creature cannot
For nature does not change.

How then can I, one of those who are advanced, even speculate of what is to come,
I do not come and drink water of the wise,
Or see that of which my forefathers have not,
But only in observing true nature by its lonesome,
Without any interruption by human,
Can we begin to learn the lessons our beloved mother has offered?

Some ask whether our ability is able to decipher the future from the past,
But future is to be read.

Oh I see the green stretching,
The green eating the wondrous death of winter,
Holding back only to take its turn of the seasons.

While only one animal can be seen,
It is in that animal that all truth lies,
Sprawling its knowledge to whomever needs,
Secretly plotting what is to come.

It is only man's misunderstanding that we shall not be understood,
We call this barer of knowledge an animal,
It may be a thought,
It may be a hallucination,
It may even be an unexplainable creator,
But of lack of knowing, we call it nature.

I look at the scene before me,
Desert forest of semi-death,
Only to know that understanding,
Complete and fully will be revealed only after death.

It is until then, my dear friend nature,
I will drink your quenching drink,
And speak the speech I have learned while loitering your lands,
Until then I will live in this beautiful but darkened world I view.



Kaitlin Spear

and this is over
Written by Lindsey Dreter

Talked to you the other night
it was a while before it hit me
and I think I'm done calling you
I've grown tired of hoping in you
You were so cold
You don't even know what it did to me
But you set me free
Finally the war is over
I'm not sure who won
But something died yesterday
I felt it go
I saw the words inside my head
I saw everything I believed in
die before my eyes
I felt it slip away
And I wept when I saw it.
You don't love me anymore.
You don't
love me
anymore.
My soul laid down inside me
my heart gasped for air
my body went numb
And I rested
when I knew
that you were gone
that we were done
Silently
you said goodbye.



Amiee Beadel

Everyday
Written by Rachel Turner

Everyday, every minute,
Every hour of the day,
You seem to cross my mind.
For whenever I think of you my heart warms up inside.

Everyday, every minute,
Every hour of the day,
It seems my heart is calling to you,
Wanting you to be around.

Everyday, every minute,
Every hour of the day,
I miss you so much,
But there's nothing I can say.



Mariah Miller

Untitled
Written by Amber Miller

I find waking annoying for the fact that I have to walk around all
day without you.

Waiting until night to be with you.
Like a vampire coming out to feed on prey.

I find sleeping a menace because all I do is dream about you and me.

I wake up talking to you in the middle of the night
only to find out it was all in my head.



Megan Schneckloth

Why I Love You

Written by Rachel Turner

I don't know why I love you,
There's really no point at all,
You made it very clear,
That we're completely over now.

I don't know why I love you,
I guess I'll never know,
But as far as you and me,
There's still a string of hope.

I don't know why I love you,
Considering I know we're through,
But my feelings for you,
Just seems like they don't want to go.

I don't know why I love you
It's just a waste of time.
But I guess my heart still wants you,
But please don't ask me why.

I don't know why I love you,
I'm still wondering why I do,
But for some odd reason,
I still love you.



Kimi Shipman

A Letter Written By Keegan Lee

To a good friend.

Although you'll be missed and you'll come back I know,
Your duty is calling and now you must go.

Away for the training you earnestly seek,
to learn to save lives and to comfort the meek.

If you can do there all that you have done here,
Those training with you should all have no fear.

Just lean on the truths in your heart everyday,
because that's all the government can't take away.

I know I'm not you and I won't even try,
because if I did, I'd be living a lie.

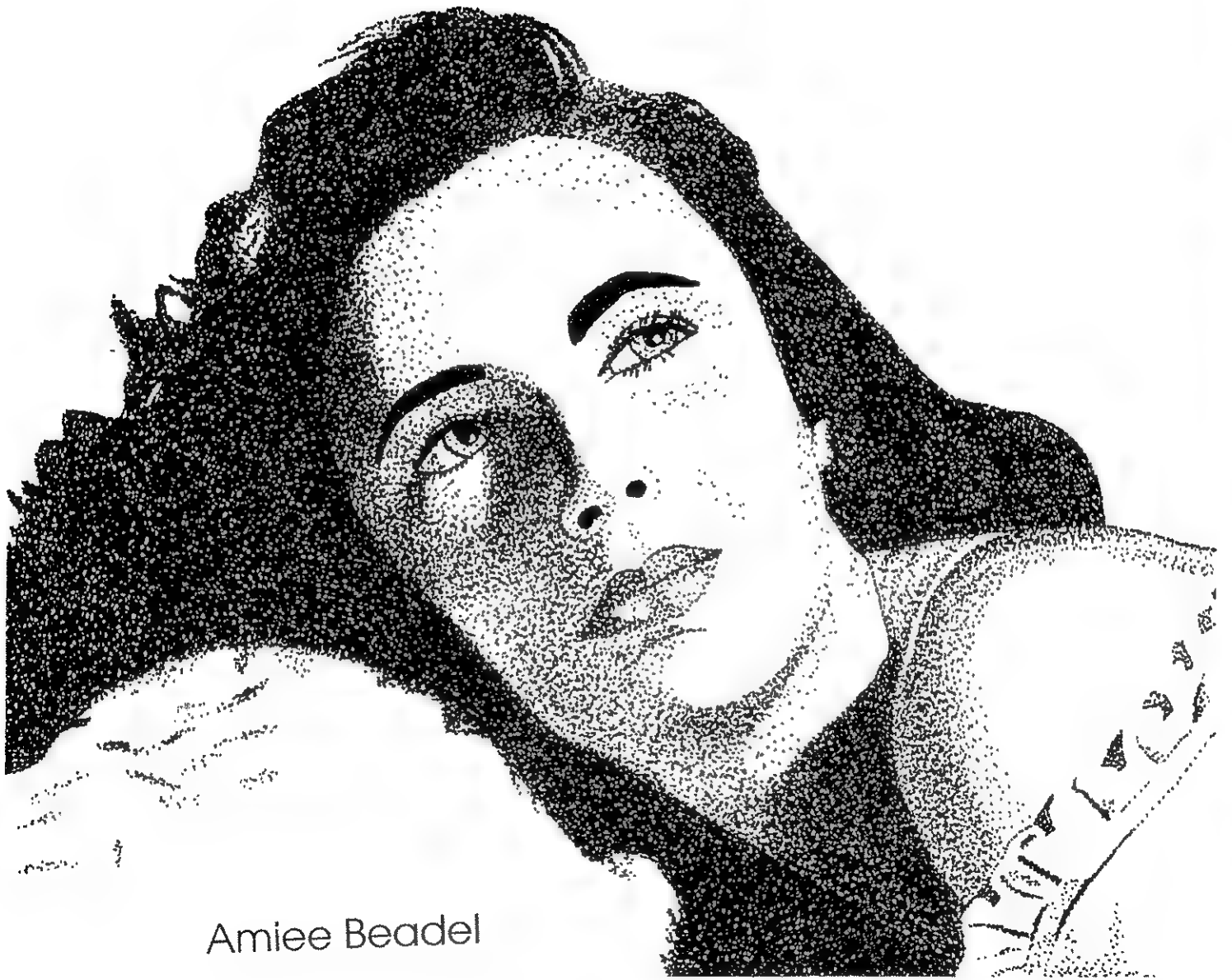
But I will try my best in the time that you're gone,
to love all the kids and to keep pressing on.

Just think of us now and again like you do,
give us a prayer and we'll give you one too.

So hurry up man! Get there and come back!
Bring your butt home and then pick up your slack!

Oh yeah, by the way there's just one think ya' goof,
evil can't burn you, cause' **YOU'RE FIREPROOF!!!**

Keegan Lee



Amiee Beadel

11-27-02

Written by Rebecca Irving

In my dreams of red
I see the world's wonders
I taste the gritty sand
I search forevermore

Sun beats down upon my face
Lost inside an empty place
Wind whipping wildly around
I am lost and never found

Buried in the desert sand
Trapped in this foreign land
Spitting the dirty gravel
Far away, I will travel



Becah Woodard

A Letter Written by Keegan Lee

Dear Julia,

I know that you hurt and you don't want to talk about feelings you have 'cause you're strong as a rock.

The look in your eye says that you're wearing down but you just laugh it off like you're some sort of clown.

But I guess that's okay to a certain extent, it's just your own personal way that you vent.

I know that your brother's important to you, I know you'll miss Nick and your family will too.

Just know in your heart that he will be all right, and entrust him to God everyday and each night.

You know when he looks at the necklace he wears that he'll think about you and the good times you've shared.

Like teasing your mom when you sit down to eat and giving her crap like 'cause she's only 5 feet.

Or outside on Christmas just flying your planes, and hanging inside playing video games.

So although you hurt and you're sad in your heart, he'll be home before long and you won't be apart.

Just never forget that he really loves you, and no matter what happens, I'll be here for you.



Kendra Suiter

Not Quite Sure
Written by Rachel Turner

I'm not quite sure I love you,
For you never seem to be around.
It seems like you don't want me
And it's tearing me down.

I'm not quite sure I love you,
But I'm not quite sure I should.
Unless you make the effort,
To show me that I should.

I'm not quite sure I love you,
But believe me I do care.
For the person that me heart belongs to
Doesn't seem to care.



Anna Iverson

Princeton
Written by Rebecca Drwing

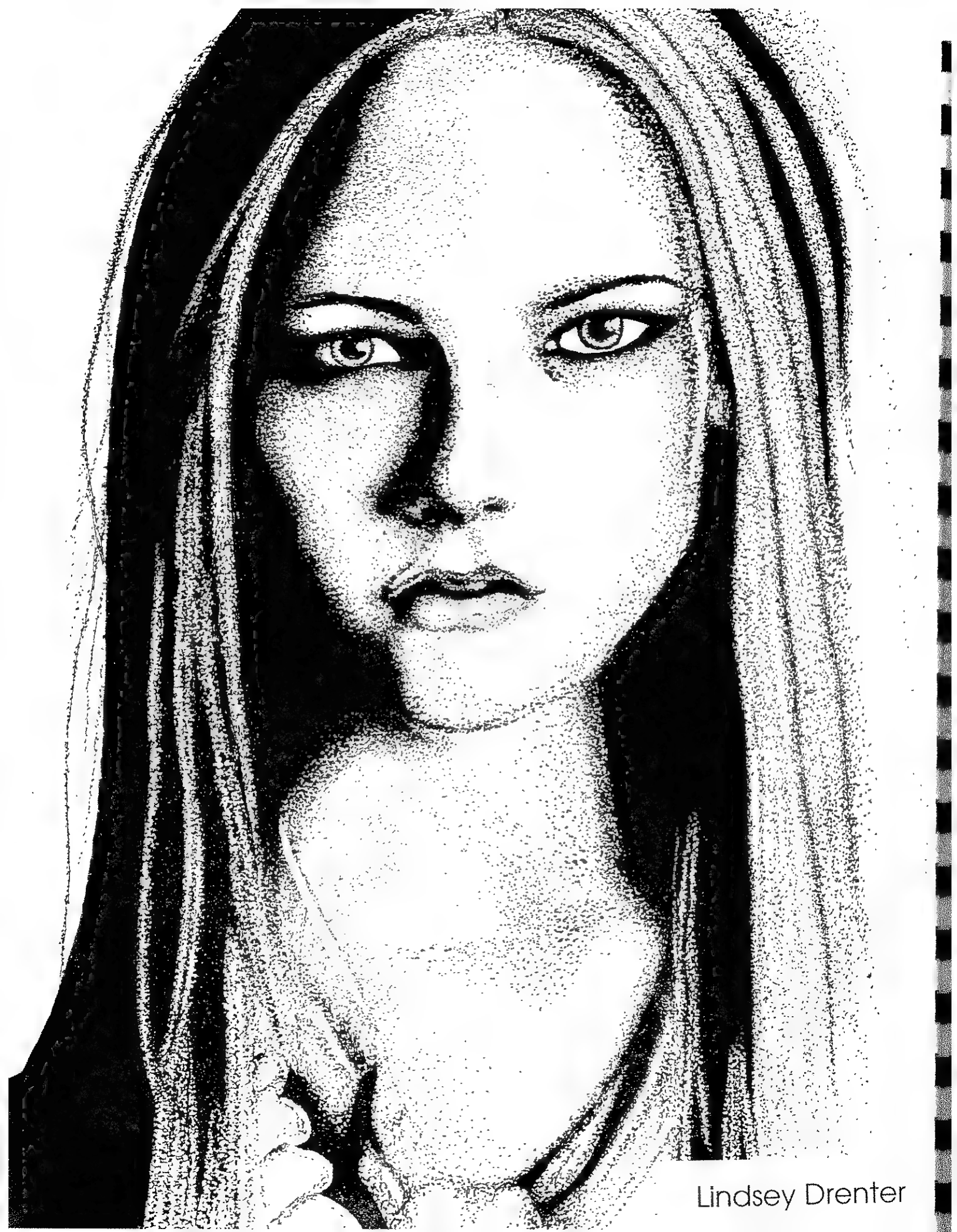
The retreat of the Blue-Collared Worker
Lies quietly on the murky river's bank.
Watching the slowly chugging trains
and the self important, pompous barges
floating past.
They crinkle their noses at the boring town,
in truth there is not much here for them.
Behind their hands they whisper of gossiping housewives,
and yes, Princeton too bears its idle talkers.
Hatefully they yell "bigots" at our pale white skins,
there is not much diversity along its winding streets.
Here I stand, redeeming the pride of this small town.
For here lives the toiling farmer who feeds
their scornful mouths.
Along these shores lies a patient town who
watches, shaking its head.
For we alone know the quality found in
solitude and peace.
We alone remember the fading values of
hard work.
For here we toil and here we
live,
Waiting patiently as does the green-headed tortoise,
peeping from its shell.
We wait for the bustling trains to hurry past
So that we might once again be
left in peace in
Our retreat for the blue-collared worker
Lying quietly on the murky river's bank.



April Behnke

Morning
Written by Rebecca Irving

The creeping sunlight slowly emerges from slumber
Green grass, wet with dew, beneath my stocking feet
Crisp, cool air caresses my kneaded brow
Gently erasing the night's furrows
Twinkling stars dim
Slowly they are put out, one by one
The morning stretches out to me.
Offering unto me its brilliant myriad of promises
Slowly the night wanes and makes room for the glorious day
A stark red cardinal glares at me
Mocking me across the expanse of the field
He chirps disgustedly that I should interrupt his revelry
Lying on the hard, frozen ground
Strewn with pine cones and the chattering squirrels' acorns
I stare up at the brilliant hues marking the everlasting sky
I wonder at the beauty of the sunrise
I wish to chase it around the world
The sun is always rising somewhere
I do not wish to miss it
Soft pinks and violets reveal the shining yellow center
The earth stirs to prepare for the coming day
I cried once for the dissipating night
But in its place I found the prize once sought
Gracefully the sun greets the earth
Gently urging it to awaken so that it may bask in her warmth



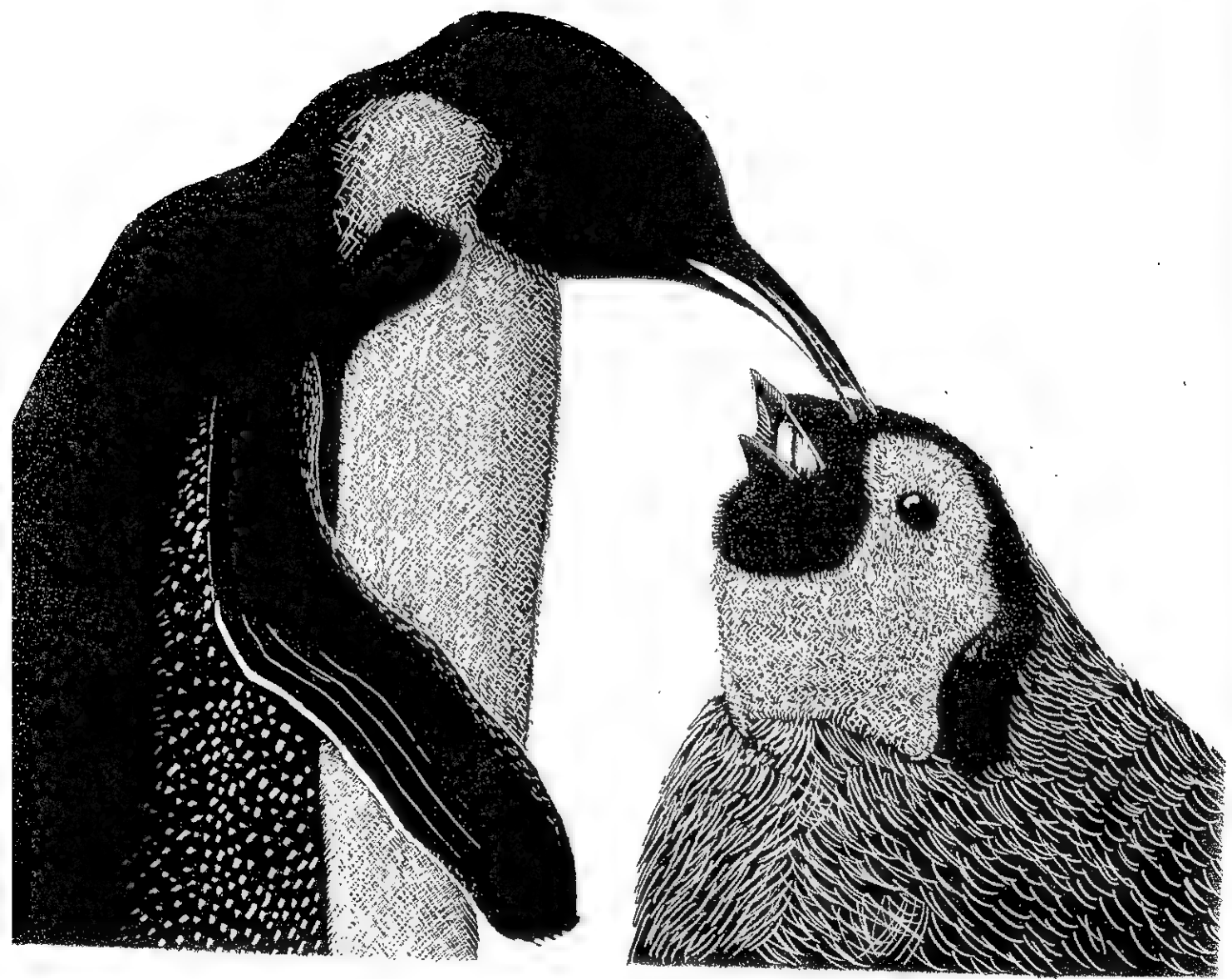
Lindsey Dreter

Alone Together
Written by Amber Miller

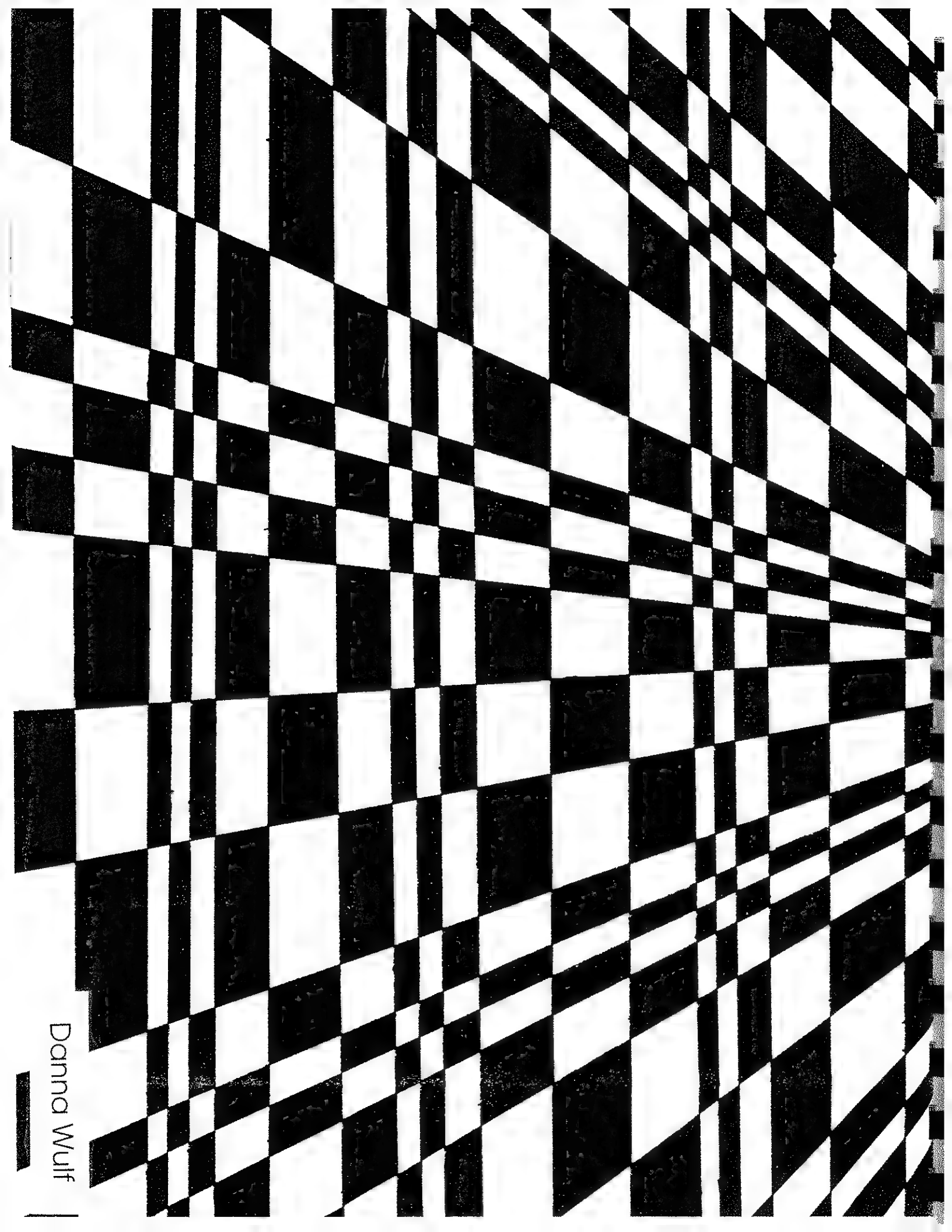
Eyes meeting eyes,
Fingertips meeting fingertips,
Lips meeting lips.
Bodies melting into one another.
Arms embracing so tightly, feeling each other's emotions.
Crazy thoughts running through two minds.
Thoughts of running free and being together as one.
A door opens, footsteps are heard.
Good thoughts become thoughts of trouble.
Arms part and cross, bodies part and turn, lips part and close.
Fingertips part and fold into fists that fit into pockets.
Eyes part and look to the window which holds the ground below.
With one last meeting of the lips, a body climbs out and feet hit the
green grass.
Thoughts turn into hopes for a day to come with a smile to the mouth
and a wave goodbye.



Allison Balli



Mike O'Brien

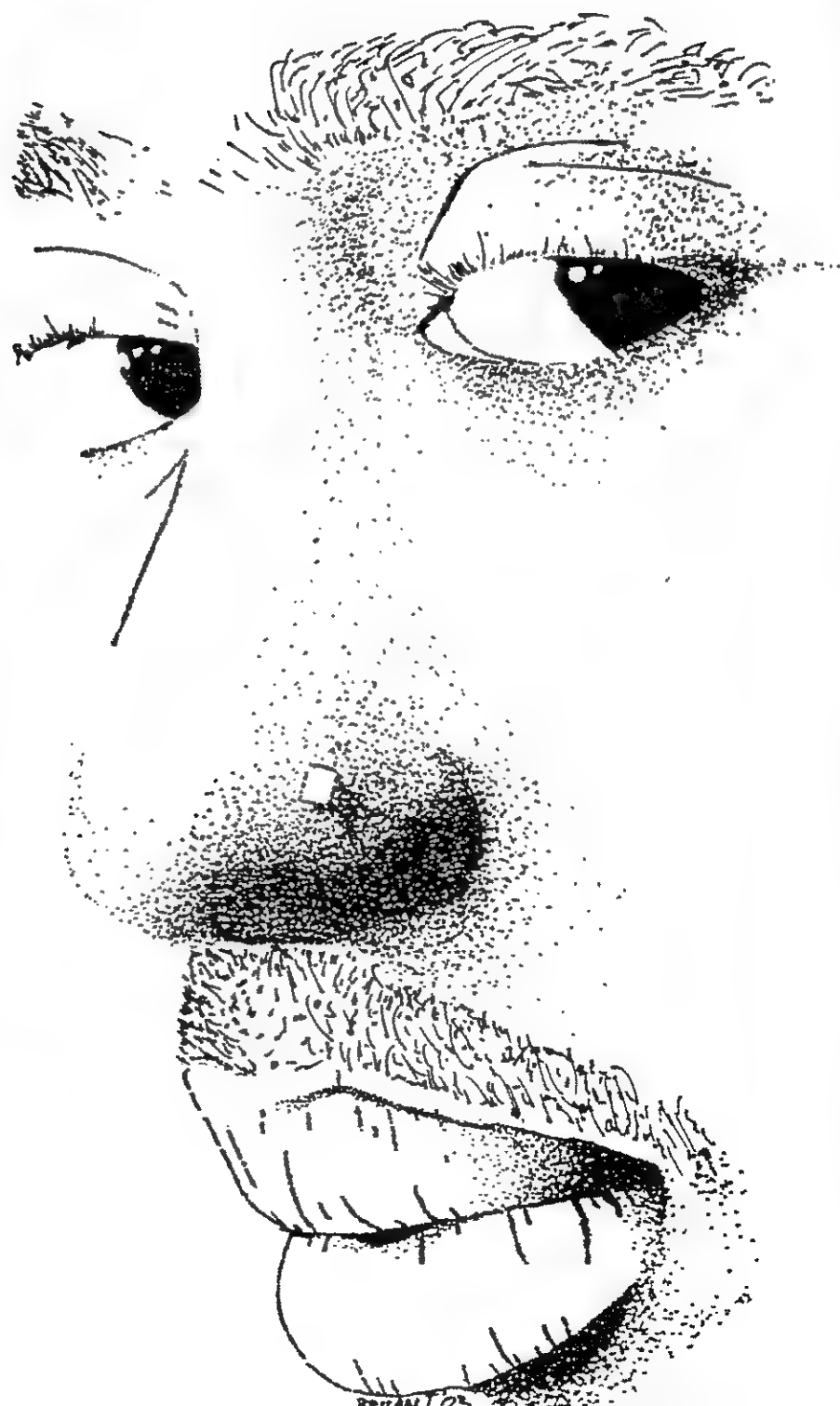


Danna Wulf



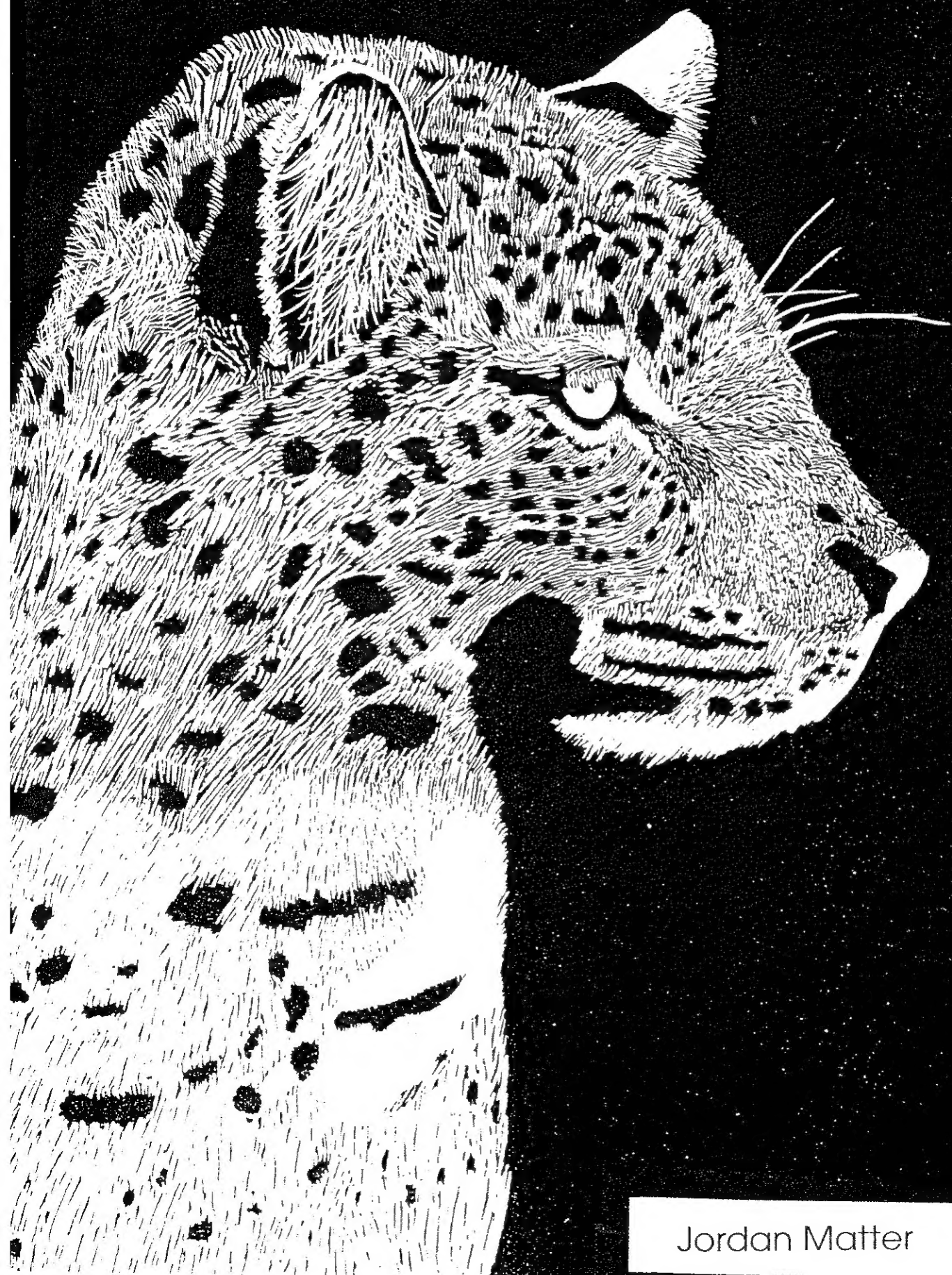
ri Bartel

Bryan Turner





Sara Krogman



Jordan Matter



Megan Schneckloth

Think someone you know may become a famous writer,
artist, or musician? Get their autographs here before it's too
late!

